

A N
ANSWER
TO THE
Curious MAID.
A TALE.

*To Cloe's Lap all Men must yield;
Against this Part there is no Shield.*
Late Miscel.



L O N D O N :

Sold by T. Bickerton at the Crown in Pater-Noster-Row.

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A N

A N S W E R

To the Curious Maid.

H Y Muse, O Bard! that Wonders tells,
 Fair C L O E's *Charms Below* Reveals;
 The Blissful Seat all Men Adore,
 When felt; when seen, that strikes no more:

Tho' thus thy M u s e Displays the Place,
 Full oft Review'd in S H I N I N G G L A S S;
 Yet still Neglects thy vent'rous Lyre,
 The *Greatest Joys* which Youths inspire.

As

As *Lab'rors* in the *Oozy Mine*,
 Must deep Descend, (as *Lakes of Brine*)
 In *Caverns* dark, thro' *Veins* below,
 Thro' *Mazes*, *Turnings*, *Windings* go,
 Earth's *Treasures* far beneath unbind,
 The *Gold* and *Silver Oar* to find ;
 So must each *Swain* his *Courage* prove,
 Within, to seek the *Joys of Love*.

When *Ships* at *Sea*, in *Storms* are *toft*,
 By furious *Gales* in *Tempest* *loft* ;
 When foaming *Waves* disturb the *Main* ;
Below the *Waters* move *Serene* ;
 Thus *Ruff* to view tho' *CLOE's Pride*,
 Within the greatest *Charms* reside.

'Tis no *One Toy* that wins the *Swain*,
 That gives to Youthful *DAMON* *Pain* ;
 The *Eyes* like *Stars*, and shining *Hair*,
 The globous *Breasts* our *Youths* *Ensnare* ;
 Fine *Ivory Limbs* conceal'd, *Surprize* ;
 The *Vale*, and *Mount*, and *Snowy Thighs*,
 Of *Beauteous CLOE* ne'er employ'd
 In *Love*, nor *Ever Once Enjoy'd* ;

He's more than Man that *These* can view,
And not the Game of Love pursue.

' When panting Breast to Breast is join'd,
' We Feast on Raptures unconfin'd,
' Vast and Luxuriant, such as prove,
' The Immortality of L O V E.

Love's Pallace fills each Breast with Fire,
This *Damon* moves with strong Desire :
As *Lillies* fair the Banks adorn,
And *Violets* in the Bosom worn ;
As near some purling Streams are seen,
The *spreading Boughs* of Willow Green ;
As *Trees* that grace the verdant Plain,
And *Hills* compleat the Rural Scene ;
As Noble *Mansions* furnish'd round,
With *Hangings* fair and *Fringe* abound ;
So C L O E gay has pow'rful Charms,
To set off what the Lover warms.

No single Joy the Swain excites,
'Tis *All the Female* that invites ;
Her Sense, her Wit, her Beauties all,
By which the Youthful Lovers fall.

As Warriors in the Martial Field,
Make stubborn Foes to Conduct yield ;
By *various Arts* and Toils prevail,
When *Canons* loud and Mortars fail ;
Thus when their *Charms Below* are vain,
By *others* Females Conquest gain.

F I N I S.

